

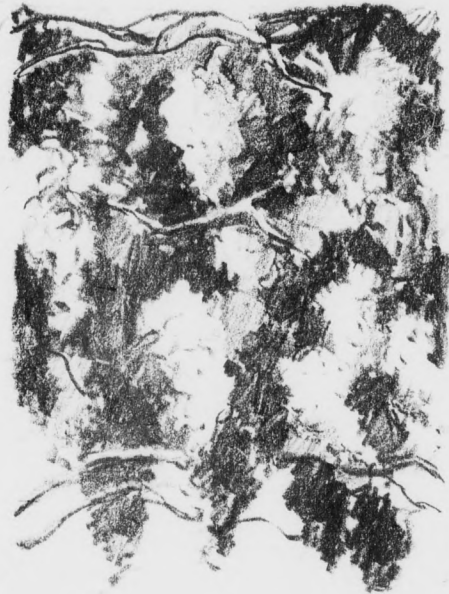
# HIGH LIGHTS



*The Old Adobe*

*Alfred James Bentley*

An Old Adobe Publication  
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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# HIGH LIGHTS

April 1940

Volume 1 Number 2

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| Noureddin Addis | Elmer M. Weese | Leslie B. Wynne  |
| Editor          | Publisher      | Associate Editor |

HIGH LIGHTS; from the foothills; issued by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.



## OUR HERITAGE

by

Mary Ward

We have a heritage today,  
With so much that we may read;  
The wealth of those who gave so much  
To men. They sowed the seed  
Of harvests that the living reap  
Of science and of travel lore.  
These jeweled caskets wait the key  
To yield their priceless store.  
How dare one say that poverty  
Of hoarded worldly things  
May crush the soul when he who wills  
May know the feel of wings.

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Permit us to say how much we appreciate the many good words with which the initial number of HIGH LIGHTS has been received. These have come, individually, from persons whose judgment stands above question; also from the press where professional eyes have viewed us and approved. We like our friends, and we try not to hate our enemies - if any ... In which frame of mind we offer you our second number.

In addition, have come to us predictions - warnings, we may say - grave assurances that with the first issue of our magazine we have set too high a standard; one which it will be impossible to maintain. This may be true. Naturally, we hope not. But even if so, we wish to say again that we will not fail to make the best, according to our abilities, of the excellent material which comes to us.

Surely, inevitably as life - whose essence it is - ART moves forward: Hurdles have been taken by our own artists, fresh honors have come to them, since our last issue. Of many of these you will read in these pages; while others, more tentative in nature, must await the point of culmination before properly they may be released.

. \* \* \* \*

REMEMBER! Regular meetings of the Guild  
are held the first Friday evening of each month.

## UNDER THE SKYLIGHT

by Alfred J. Dewey

## The Dorothy G. Baugh Exhibition -

Guild members had a preview of Mrs. Dorothy G. Baugh's pictures at the regular Guild meeting of Friday evening, March 1st. There were many expressions of delight, many ahs! many "How could she do such a great variety of subjects!" Indeed, interest in the pictures held the meeting until the amateur program started. Too bad we had an amateur program scheduled for that night.

Sunday, March 3rd, was the opening date for the Baugh exhibition; and people came in droves, at least three hundred fifty, to view the pictures and enjoy tea together. They came from as far away as Bakersfield. In fact, sixty per cent were from neighboring cities. Then, there were Sierra Madrean friends of Mrs. Baugh's, who remembered when she used to play in pig tails about our vacant lots. Mrs. Baugh, you know, came to Sierra Madre when she was but two years old. These friends didn't realize that she had the ability to paint those interesting pictures that were on the walls of the Old Adobe. To see these pictures in a setting that they had known as a curing place for the lemons and other citrus fruit of other days, was an inspiration to them all.

In this exhibition, there was a lack of isms that prevail in most exhibitions these days. That was a relief. Mrs. Baugh paints her interpretations of the things that people know.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Picked Up from the Side Light -

"She is a painter of great distinction. Isn't that a lovely snow scene! - Yes, it is exactly as I saw a High Sierra scene up back of Bishop. - Oh, I like that sycamore. I bet she painted it in Glendale." Another said, "There are the Baldwin Oaks. Isn't that reflection in that lake marvelous! Wonder where she got that scene next to it, No. 27?" Then, from the woman in the furs, "The frame on that picture is perfectly wonderful." The stocky man with the serious face turned to his companion and remarked, "I like that picture over there. I don't know what she was trying to do, but I like it. Go and find out what it

is worth - find out what it costs." Another remarked, "You can't get too close to oil paintings. Something about the paint, I suppose." Which last reminds me of the little boy who was watching an artist painting one day. He sat about twenty feet back of the artist for a long time in silence, and then got up and asked if he might go up closer. "Yes," said the artist; so, the boy walked up very close to the picture, examined it in every detail, went back and sat down and said, "You know, the closer you get, the worse it looks."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A Day at the Old Adobe -

Almost any morning. . . In comes Bernard Wynne, Catherine Wynne, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Solomon. They start to paint. Jimmy Mallon posing. Mrs. Solomon says it is a relaxation for her. Bernard says it is hard work and, incidentally, turns out a good job. Catherine says she has more fun at this than at anything else she has ever done. Mrs. Patterson, rather disappointed with her picture, says she gets a lot of good out of it, and the next time she is going to do a better job. In comes Rol Lewis, looks things over with a critical eye, walks over to the couch, and takes a nap. In comes Addis, "Hi!" he calls; "Have you got any copy for the next issue? Where's my gun, and where's my spittoon?" . . . Time passes. Suddenly, the fire siren from the towers of the City Hall galvanizes everybody into visible motion. . . . It is afternoon, and the painters are gone. In comes Sally Dewey, "Tiny" Miller, Mrs. Steinberger, talking drama, soon to be followed by a cloud of musicians, and by a bevy of dancers. In comes Karloff, and out goes everyone else. Finally, hours later, in comes "Mac," leaning on two canes, and shouting, "Just two more pages to set up, and I ran absolutely out of Xs and Zs." . . . . It's just another day.

\* \* \* \* \*

A number of inquiries have been made of us by non-members of the Guild, as to how one may obtain a copy of HIGH LIGHTS. The magazine is not for sale at the present time. Unless you are a contributor, or unless we take pity upon you and give you a copy, there is no way by which you may be certain of getting the magazine except by becoming a member of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild. Every member of the Guild receives a free copy each month.



## HISTORY OF THE SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD - II

by Leslie B. Wynne

The third meeting of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild was held on May 13th, 1938. At this meeting, the full personnel of the Board of Governors was decided upon and the board limited to twenty members who were voted life membership in the Guild with all later possible vacancies to be filled by the choice of the remaining members. In order to clarify and to fix all details in connection with the management of the organization, Leslie Wynne, Harold Roberts, and Elmer Weese were commissioned to draft a constitution.

At the fourth meeting of the Guild, May 23rd, committees to further a number of art activities were created, and the following temporary chairmen were selected: Poetry, John R. McCarthy; Music, Mrs. W. T. Clement; Fiction, Harlan Ware; Painting, Alfred J. Dewey; Drama, Mrs. R. W. Solomon; Photography, Louis Ziegler; and Gardening, Miss Thomasella Graham.

With the new Board of Governors determined, their first meeting was held on June 1st, 1938, with Elmer Weese as the acting chairman. At this meeting, the permanent officers of the Guild were elected with the following results: Chairman, Alfred J. Dewey; the Vice-chairman, Harold Roberts; Secretary, Elmer M. Weese; Treasurer, Roland C. Lewis; Publicity Director, Mrs. Laura Cadmus Edwards; and Membership Director, Leslie Wynne. The constitution, in the main the work of Harold Roberts, was then submitted to the Board and was approved for submission to the general membership of the Guild. A number of questions were then raised and some of them settled, among which were those concerning the privileges of membership in the organization, and the significance, if any, in the different membership fees. Membership application blanks had been printed and submitted whereon the membership fees are listed as; Sustaining, \$10.00, Supporting, \$3.00, and Guild, \$1.00. It was then explained, and so construed as the sense of the Board, that this difference in fees does not carry or imply any special privileges for any member of the Guild; and further, that the one dollar Guild membership fee is all that is required of any member for good standing in the organization at all times with the privilege of entering into all the activities of the Guild on a footing equal to that of every other member. The



sustaining and supporting membership fees are intended solely as a bid for any member, who cares to, to do something for the Guild financially, especially those who naturally benefit more from the activities of the organization than others. Other matters which were discussed and decided upon at this time were, that all candidates for membership in the Guild must first be approved by the Board of Governors, and that a fiscal year beginning with July 1st be established. The matter of incorporating was brought up, but it was decided not to incorporate at that time.

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PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION MEETS                      by      Bernard Wynne  
(A Guild Activity)

The photography section of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild held its first meeting Tuesday evening, March 12th, at the Old Adobe. Prints by members were shown and discussed. Plans, also, were drafted for future events. It was decided that the organization shall be known as the "Sierra Madre Camera Club." Mr. Louis Ziegler was elected president. On March 26th, the second meeting was held with an attendance of fourteen, when Harry Arnold was elected to the office of vice-president. The other officers are to be selected later.

Mr. Russell Arnold, a new member of the club, recently won a third honorable mention for one of his prints submitted in a contest sponsored by the radio photography club which, as the "Studio Dark Room," broadcasts each Monday evening over K.E.C.A.

Our club will meet on the second and fourth Tuesdays of every month at 8:00 P.M. at the Old Adobe building, 35 East Montecito Street. Anyone who is interested is urged to attend meetings and bring prints for discussion. The only requirement is Guild membership. Later, the club intends to hold a number of competitions among its members, and to enter club work in magazine contests. The next meeting will be held Tuesday evening, April 9th.

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## BOOK REVIEW

by

Noureddin Addis

LYRICS IN THE RAIN by Florence Eakman  
Sierra Madre News Press . . . \$ .50

In this brochure Mrs. Eakman gives us a colorful interpretation of her world and its emotions in the form of a collection of vigorous poems. Mrs. Eakman is well known as the author of a number of books of poetry; also plays, stories for children, allegories, etc., etc. Her work has the distinction of having been listed in the State Library at Sacramento.

Even if it included nothing more than the lyric,  
WILD HORSE OF AUTUMN -

"The flame of his nostrils turns  
brown leaves to gold . . ."

- this book would still be worth all it costs.

LYRICS IN THE RAIN is the second in a series of small volumes by Mrs. Eakman, having been preceded by SILVER PINIONS, and to be followed by such titles as MEADOW MAGIC, THUNDERING TIDE, and others at reasonable intervals.

Many of the poems appearing in this brochure have been published in current magazines and newspapers.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE OLD ADOBE

Writing in the Pasadena Independent of March 20th, our old friend Dennis Stovall presented an excellent word-picture of the Old Adobe. In fact, we may as well confess it now, our former fellow-townsmen knows far more of the Old Adobe's history than we ever did.

Mr. Stovall gives no exact dates, broad half-centuries being his apparent stride, but he tells us that long ages before it became the studio of Alfred

James Dewey and the home of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild it was a lemon-curing house. May we venture - may we express the hope that it retain its erstwhile function?

The redwood Annex - which is the actual home of the Guild - Mr. Stovall says is ten years (not ten centuries) older than the Old Adobe. So let's offer our appreciation of the Ancient Annex -- here and now!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### DRAMA SECTION ACTIVE

When Mrs. "Tiny" Miller, of the Drama Section of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild, told us that she was hard at work on two fine plays recently brought to her, we asked, innocently enough, if they intended to cast both plays and begin rehearsals simultaneously.

"Not just two plays," she told us witheringly - and we were properly subdued. "There'll be from four to six of them put into production immediately." Then Mrs. Miller began asking us what, if any, ideas we had about local people who might fit into various good parts.

Apparently the field is open for ambitious amateur Thespians. An opportunity. And the sole requirement is membership in the Sierra Madre Arts Guild.

\* \* \* \* \*

A fact not generally known is that the good old Southern word "julep" is derived from the Persian "gul-ab," meaning rose-water, hence the often misunderstood affinity between mint and rose....

#### ODE TO A PERSIAN GARDEN

Across the canyon where the Oxus flows  
There blooms a garden gay with mint and rose;  
Though seasons pass, a fragrance lingers on  
To stir the heart and melt its stubborn snows.

OLD HAINES

by Elizabeth L. Schermerhorn

Old Haines stood silent in his salty coat,  
That smelled of sea and glistened with wet scales;  
The fading light of sundown filled his boat,  
And bleached his face the color of old sails.  
Across the bay the whistle of a duck,  
The lonely calling of a hungry loon,  
Shook echoes through the evening air, and struck  
Away the stillness of the empty dune.

His boat was filled with silver, pile on pile,  
That flashed cool fins and stared with glazing eyes;  
But still Old Haines stood knee-deep all the while,  
And listened to the day's last working sighs.  
Then dipping oars and fastening up his coat,  
He moved toward harbor in his silver boat.

(From DARK VOICE WITHIN)

AMATEUR HOUR

by Bill Burke

Four acts of amateur vaudeville entertained one of 1940's largest Arts Guild audiences the evening of February 1st. The theme for the evening was "Minor Booze's Original Amateur Hour, sponsored by Sierra Madre's Four Great Bars."

Coaxed along its bumpy course by the MC-ing of Robert McCullagh, as the Minor Booze, the program of the evening was given an enthusiastic reception. Although the talent theoretically represented that fine proud southland city, Watts, all were young Sierra Madre thespians. Included were Bonita Williams, soprano, and her accompanist, June Shaner; Donald Miller and Charles Wilson, patter artists extraordinary; Erlinda Sepulveda; Frances Robertson and Gloria Dougherty, who pictured in verse the freezing consequences of leaving a warm climate for the frozen North. Miss Hazel Ferguson played the piano, too, and Eddie McCluskey was "The Little Man Who Was Not There."

The Four Bars used in the evening's title were of candy, parented without permission by Bill Clement, Harold Roberts, Leslie B. Wynne, and Jack Wysocki.



IN BRAIN WE TRUST

by

Fletcher Flynn

Cousin Emmett is a man of many parts. He has a wonderful manner, sort of a cross between W. C. Fields and Sumner Welles. He has often told me that had he had a mind to, he could have straightened Mr. Hoover out in 1929 and stopped the depression. The whole thing was very simple and it would have saved all this trouble about everything - even prevented the war. Cousin Emmett doesn't want this spread around, but he told me, confidential mind you, that this war is easy to understand once you've got one little fact in mind. That's economics. Cousin Emmett is working on a plan right now with Senator Downey. Of course the politicians won't understand it, but if they can get it before the people, there won't be any more want amidst plenty - or wars.

Cousin Emmett's wife says that Cousin Emmett should mow the lawn and not talk to the birds, but Cousin Emmett says women don't understand things you can't put in an oven or on your head. He says where would Dali be today, if he hadn't told him he wouldn't get nowheres painting things anyone could take with a kodak.

Cousin Emmett says you can't tell whether a man's got a headache by just looking at him.

---

ALFRED DEWEY -- AN APPRECIATION, WRITTEN TO DISMAY  
THE DULL ILLITERATE, WHO LOOK UPON THE ARTIST'S LIFE  
AS AN EASY SLEDRIDE AND CONSIDER THE ARTIST A SNAKE,  
WHICH HE SELDOM IS MORE THAN NINE TIMES IN TEN

by John Russell McCarthy

No gangster with his gat or dirk  
Was ever half so fond of work  
As Alfred; and I think he's saner  
Than the Safeway milk container.  
Folk who think that Alfred's screwy  
Simply do not know their Dewey.

## DOBE ECHOES

Many Sierra Madreans were thrilled when they listened to Major Bowes' program the night of Thursday, March 21st. They heard one of our very own artists, Moreland Kortkamp, who represented Pasadena, the honor city that night.

Moreland Kortkamp grew up here among us. She is now in her second year of study with the great pianists, Josef and Rosina Lhevinne. Miss Kortkamp is an honor graduate of Pasadena Junior College, the valedictorian of her class. Her musical training began with Mrs. Hazel Hill Morgridge, from whom she graduated to Miss Clara Ingham of Monrovia.

It was then that her friends, aware of her exceptional gifts, felt that she must go on. Mrs. J. Milton Steinberger was the prime mover in creating for her a scholarship fund. Armed with this very modest allowance, which she supplemented by her own musical efforts, Miss Kortkamp passed her first year in New York. Then, on returning there last September she was awarded the coveted Juilliard scholarship, and since that time has been studying at that celebrated school of music under the guidance of her former teachers, the Lhevinnes.

In May, Miss Kortkamp will return to Sierra Madre for a short vacation; then, make a concert tour before going back to New York.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Ella Shepard Bush, internationally known miniature artist, gave a "One Man" exhibition of her work at the Ebell Club in Los Angeles during March. Among the miniature paintings shown, a number were of Sierra Madre people.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Alfred James Dewey was represented during March at an exhibition of the Whittier Art Association by twenty-four paintings, both oils and water colors.

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## NOTICES

Beginning March 29th, to continue throughout April, Miss Ella Shepard Bush, Miss Catherine Bode, and Miss Daphne Alley, all of Sierra Madre, are to exhibit some of their miniatures in the California Society of Miniature Paintors' 1940 exhibition, to be held at the Fisher Gallery of the University of Southern California.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the next Guild meeting, to be held Friday evening, April 5th, a number of new paintings will be on view, recently painted under the Skylight.

The music for this meeting is to be given by a fifteen year old violinist, Ralph Tillema, of Pasadena. He has been studying the violin just two years and in that time has made remarkable progress. Ralph plays with a sureness and a musicianship that portends a fine future for him in his chosen field.

Ralph is also outstanding in his school work, having been elected to the Honor Society in both the State and P.J.C. His teacher, Miss Lalla Fagge, is very proud to present him to a Sierra Madre audience.

\* \* \* \* \*

Under the management of Mrs. Dorothy Cole, a series of bridge parties has been inaugurated to be held each Monday evening at the Arts Guild building at 35 East Montecito. These parties are planned for social as well as financial purposes to help cover expenses of various Guild activities. Reservations for these parties should be made by phoning Mrs. Cole, Custer 2021. The time is 8 P.M. each Monday evening, and the charge is 35 cents. For everyone interested in playing bridge, whether Guild members or not.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Mary Ward's much admired poem, "The Silver Birch," has been set to music by the composer, Miss Ruth Dunn. This new song has just been released by the publishers, The Lestwich Publishing Company of Los Angeles, and is now on sale. We will soon have the privilege of hearing it on the radio.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE WISTARIA FETE

With this issue, HIGH LIGHTS greets Sierra Madre's 1940 Wistaria Fete and, in honor of this occasion, blossoms out upon its front cover in wistaria-colored ink.

Saturday, March 23rd, saw the opening of this fete at the famed Wistaria Gardens, to run throughout April. The official opening ceremonies were held that afternoon, conducted by Mayor William J. Schiltz, Mrs. John H. Robertson, President of the Sierra Madre Woman's Club, Mrs. W. J. Lawless, and many others.

On Sunday, March 24th, three well-known Southland artists, Alfred J. Dewey, Edward Langley, and Charles Percy Austin, were guests of honor for the day. A number of their paintings now hanging in the Wistaria Tea Room, are to be on exhibition there for the duration of the fete.

Sunday, April 7th, is to be the gala day of the festival when, in a colorful ceremony, Miss Hazel Hurst will be crowned as the first Queen of the Wistaria Fete. Miss Hurst, who is known as the Helen Keller of the new generation, is the founder of the Foundation for the Blind.

A large number of events are scheduled to be held at the Wistaria Fete during April. Something new is to be featured each day to make the day distinctive. Aside from these features and entertainments, however, there are many beautiful things to be seen in these Wistaria Gardens. A sight of the many rare plants here, alone, is worth the price of admission. And over all, there is the great vine, a checker of lavender and green lace against the sky. This lovely vine, now fifty years old, spreads upon a white trellis over more than an acre of terraced ground and, at the height of its blooming season, is surely to be remembered as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" by everyone who ever looks upon it, something worth traveling many miles to see.

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